

# Democratic Enquirer.

Democratic at all Times and under all Circumstances.

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## The Democratic Enquirer.

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Dundas	Clinton	S. Isaminger
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Elk	Swan	Honore Redd
McArthur	Elk	Honore Redd
New Plymouth	Brown	Wm. Taylor
Reed's Mills	Clinton	George Fry
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WILL practice in the Courts of Southern District of Ohio, and in the Courts of Vinton, Jackson, and Athens counties.  
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January 24, 1867.

JOHN C. STEVENSON,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
JACKSON C. H., OHIO.

WILL practice in the Courts of Jackson, Vinton and other counties.  
January 24, 1867.

## Poetry.

### WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

There are lonely hearts to cherish,  
While the days are going by;  
There weary souls who perish,  
While the days are going by;  
While the days are going by;  
If a smile we can render,  
As our journey we pursue,  
Oh! the good we all may do,  
While the days are going by!  
There's no time for idle scorning,  
While the days are going by;  
Let our face be like the morning,  
While the days are going by;  
Oh! the world is full of sighs,  
Full of sad and weeping eyes,  
Help your fallen brother rise,  
While the days are going by!  
All the loving links that bind us,  
While the days are going by;  
One by one we leave behind us,  
While the days are going by;  
But the seeds of good we sow,  
Both in shade and shine will grow,  
And will keep our hearts aglow,  
While the days are going by!

### LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Let each one strive with all his might,  
To be a decent man,  
And love his neighbor as himself—  
Upon the golden plan;  
And if the golden chance be given,  
A pretty female woman,  
Why, love her all the more—you see,  
That's only acting human.

### WOMAN'S LOVE.

Much has been written about woman's love, but we doubt if that "glory of a woman" was ever so forcibly expressed in a few words as in the following stanzas:

Come from your long, long roving,  
On the sea so wild and rough;  
Come to me tender and loving,  
And I shall be blessed enough.  
Where your sails have been unfurling,  
What winds have blown on your brow,  
I know not, and ask not, my darling,  
So that you come to me now.  
Sorrowful, sinful and lonely,  
Poor and despised though you be,  
All are nothing, if only  
You turn from the tempter to me.

Of men though you be unforgotten,  
Though priest be unable to shrive,  
I'll pray till I weary all heaven,  
If you only come back alive.

### Select Story.

#### MR. SMITH'S MISTAKE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Midsummer in the tropics is a poet's dream; midsummer in the beautiful wilderness of New England is a solemn, many-voiced epic; but who has ever given us a description of the dry details, the parched monotony, of midsummer in a great dry goods establishment, Sisyphus Smith could have enlarged most plausibly on the subject, as he stood drowsily behind the counter, listening to the ceaseless thunder of wheels on the pavements outside, and watching the one slender thread of sun-shine that glimmered from "home fawn" in the window shades, like a golden chain, across the piled up "goods."

"It's very hard," soliloquized Sisyphus, "to have a fellow's noble what-d'ye-call-it repressed in this sort of way. I feel I'm out of my proper sphere, but how the deuce to get into it is another question. I can't starve, and I can't run about like the Quakers, with a woolly rug on my back, and while I'm working like a galley slave for the paltry six hundred dollars a year that keeps soul and body together, where's the chance to starve, and expand, and—all that sort of thing? I know I should make a first rate Member of Congress, if I only had a fair field, and there's no earthly reason why I shouldn't go in for literature and diplomacy, as well as other folks. And what's more, I'm good-looking, or my looking glass is a most atrocious liar."

Mr. Smith pulled his long auburn mustache, and thought, with a complacent smirk, of the pretty girl who had bought some dotted muslin at his counter the day before, and who had blighted from such a dainty little winsome-colored coupe, with a concubine in livery refusing to get into the high-stepping horses.

"I wonder if she'll come again," murmured Mr. Sisyphus Smith. "She certainly seemed impressed, and I am quite sure she smiled when I asked her if there was anything more I could show her. Other fellows marry rich, and I don't see why I shouldn't. The fact is, I ought to find in a higher circle. Oh, logic, old logic, kid gloves, silver dressing cases, Jupiter Tonans! I'd just like to try the experiment of being rich. And—"

"For—t—ward, Smith!"  
Sisyphus started spasmodically from his reverie as the harsh accents of his narrow souled superior summoned him to the field of action, and the blood mounted to his forehead, as he recognized in his fair customer now awaiting his attention, the very damsel who had smiled over the dotted muslin scarce twenty-four hours ago.

"I thought so," passed triumphantly through his brain. "I knew she was interested. A very pretty girl, upon my word; how the diamonds sparkle upon her fingers!"  
Mr. Smith advanced smilingly to show woadens and cambrics to the bright-eyed young lady who, escorted by a dejected-looking elderly companion, had seated herself opposite his counter, and was turning over the snowy folds, with the prettiest little ungloved hands in the world.  
"Assure you it is an excellent quality," said Sisyphus, laying his goods with glib tongue and very graceful gestures.  
"I suppose I may depend on what you say," said the young lady, looking him directly in the eyes.  
"Need you ask the question?" murmured Sisyphus in dulcet accents.

The bright-eyed divinity looked a little astonished, but with the spectacle of the elderly dragon upon them, Mr. Smith felt that it was no time to enter into particulars. But as she drew out her fairy purse and laid it on the counter, Sisyphus saw a little sealed envelope flutter down among the jacinths.

To secure it was the impulse of an instant, and with throbbing heart, and hands not quite so steady as usual, Mr. Smith measured off fourteen yards, of jacinth, and wrote down the address.

"Miss Vere, 108 East—street."  
And when the diamond, and the curls, and the melting blue eyes, had floated off in another direction, he drew out the precious missive to examine it at his leisure, behind a pile of goods.

"Smith, you're wanted!" called some one, before he had had a chance to break the seal, and he came forward, to encounter the stony glare of the elderly companion.

"Did my niece leave anything on the counter—any letter or paper?" sternly demanded the dragon.

"No, ma'am," promptly answered Sisyphus, mentally adding: "Sweet angel! Does she for a minute dream that I would betray her?"

"It's very strange!" said the old lady, examining the counter from end to end. "Very!" meekly echoed Sisyphus.  
And not until both ladies had entered the wine-colored coupe and driven away, did the love-mitten youth venture to open the epistle that had been so delicately conveyed to his hands.

It was brief, but exceedingly to the point.  
If you want to see me, come this evening at nine. Papa will be out, and there will be nobody to disturb us. A. V.

There was no date and no direction, but Mr. Sisyphus Smith felt that no such trifles were needed.

"A. V. I. A. V.!" he pondered. "I wonder if it is Alice, or 'Antonia.' I think it must be Annie—gentle Annie—the very name for her! This evening at nine! I feel that the crisis of my life is at hand. Dear me! I will be there at the very chime of the bell! I was always sure that that wine was destined to be no common lot in life; now I am even more convinced of the fact! I think, from the signs and symptoms, she must be very much in love, indeed. 'She's all my fancy painted her; she's lovely—she's divine, and she must have plenty of cash, for that coupe isn't kept up on nothing! Sisyphus, you're in luck, my fine fellow!'"

All that long day Sisyphus walked, metaphorically speaking, on air—he trod the blue empyrean. Mentally he had already selected the site for his brownstone residence on Fifth Avenue, and decided on Long Branch for the summer, instead of Orient Point.

"And I should prefer open barouches to that shut-up coupe," he thought. "Of course Annie will defer to my wishes in all such matters."

When at length the hour for closing the establishment arrived, Sisyphus hurried home to, deck himself in the most captivating style.

"I wonder what she'll do with the dragon," pondered Mr. Smith, as he tied a delicate sky-blue cravat in a most unexceptionable bow and twisted his auburn mustache in a Napoleonic swirl. "I suppose it's my cue to quote poetry and talk about destiny—I think Annie's a little sentimental; these blue-eyed girls mostly are—and we'll hurry up the mustache as soon as practicable."

He cast a deprecating glance towards the cigar box on the table, but shook his head, almost in the same second.

"It won't do," he said. "Girls are so whimsical that it's not best to risk anything stronger of sentiment; patehoul, or verbaena water. Things will be quite different after we are married."  
And so Mr. Sisyphus Smith, armed and equipped, at all points, for the eventful encounter, went down the street where the mellow July moonlight lay like a rain of reddish gold, and the gas-lamps winked fitfully at him as he passed.

No. 108 East—street, was a tall, red-brick mansion in a grave and respectable looking block, with a brown stone church opposite, and upon the heavy mahogany doors a silver plate bore the inscription "VERE."

"Women are ingenious little creatures," said Sisyphus to himself. "Who but a woman would have thought of conveying her address to me, so neatly under cover of abundance of jacinth? She's expecting me, of course. I wonder if the day has seemed half as long to her as it has to me. Heigho—I shouldn't wonder!"  
So musing, Mr. Smith went boldly up the steps and rang the bell. A tall servant-maid opened the door, and looked patronizingly down upon Sisyphus.  
"What do you want, my man?"

"I wish to see Miss Vere," answered Sisyphus, loftily.

The man looked doubtful, but after a moment's hesitation said:  
"Walk in, sir, if you please," and ushered him into a pretty little boudoir, where gray and silver were the predominant tints. One gas light, burning under a shade of pearl-gray glass, diffused a dim luster throughout the apartment, and Miss Vere, robed in a dress of pure dove white, had half risen from her seat as the door was thrown open.

"I'm afraid she's addicted to cigarette," was the thought that eddied through Sisyphus's mind as a faint odor of Havana resolved his senses.

The next moment he had fallen gracefully on one knee at Miss Vere's feet, and caught one of her delicate little hands in his own.

"My dearest! my own treasure!" he ejaculated, theatrically.

But Miss Vere, instead of responding in a similar vein, a la "young ladies in high tragedy," jerked the little hand away, and burst into a very genuine scream of terror, surprise and indignation.

"Hallo!" uttered a deep bass voice from the curtained obscurity of the window beyond, and before Sisyphus Smith could regain his feet, or stammer out a questioning word, he felt himself seized by the collar and vigorously jerked into a standing posture.

"You're a pretty young man, aren't you?" demanded the bass voice. "What do you mean by this sort of thing?"

And then followed a shake so vigorously executed and so volubly stated as to well sustained, that poor Sisyphus felt as if the teeth were rattling out of his head, and the hairs flying from his scalp; while not the least of his agonies was, that the blue-eyed damsel laughed—yes, actually and heartily laughed!

"Don't hurt the poor fellow, Phil!" cried the damsel, and she could command her voice.

"Hush! I'll kick him down stairs!" thundered the bass voice, and then followed another bone-dislocating shake.

Sisyphus dropped on the carpet in a helpless heap, with the bow of his cravat under his right ear. The young lady stepped forward to protect him.

"Don't Phil! Pray hear what he has got to say for himself."

"Speak, then!" roared the tall Nemesis, standing in a threatening posture over him.

Sisyphus could not speak, but instead he pulled out the note, and extended it, appealingly, towards Miss Vere.

"You—you told me to—come, yourself!"

"I told you to come?"  
Miss Vere unfolded the paper, and glanced at it with bewildered eyes.

"What is it?" questioned Phil.  
She gave it to him, with an uncontrollable peal of laughter.

"It's the note I told you of, Phil—the note that was intended for you, and that I lost from my pocket this morning."

"Was—that not it for me?" stammered Mr. Smith.

"For you?" Phil's fingers instinctively tightened with an ominous grasp upon Sisyphus's necktie, while Miss Vere answered with frigid hauteur:

"Most assuredly it was not. I am surprised at the impertinence which could for an instant dare to form such a supposition."

"Then perhaps I had better go," faltered the humiliated suitor.

"Perhaps you had," said Miss Vere. "Of course you had, and you'd better go pretty quickly, if you don't want me to help you down stairs," added Phil, promptly.

Sisyphus looked appealingly at Miss Vere as he reached the door, but her blue eyes were full of icy, repellant light, and Phil, made a step forward at the same instant, that had the effect of hastening his departure in a most marvellous manner.

Sorrowfully he went down the long flight of steps, mournfully he retraced his way back to the third-rate boarding house where he vegetated out of business hours, to muse, at his melancholy leisure, on the fallibility of earthly hopes. The rich wife, the open barouche, the Fifth Avenue residence, and Long Branch, had faded into misty distances, and only the realities of working day life remained.

"What a double-dyed fool I've been," groaned Sisyphus Smith.

And when a man finds out that fact, he is pretty sure to be heartily disgusted with himself.

Mr. Smith went back to his jacinths and muslin; the next morning, a sadder and a wiser personage. Life is full of mistakes, and Sisyphus's had been a particularly aggravating one.

Love thy neighbor as thyself;

### Miscellaneous.

#### Josh Billings' Advice to Young Men.

PLANE rules for every Young Gentleman about few commence Life for the first time.

When you eat, always use a knife and fork (unless you have much and milk for dinner, then exercise your judgment,) and be sure to open your mouth when you eat elbow crooks; bi awl means quit eating when you get thru.

If you have soup for breakfast, don't undertake to eat it with your fingers, not if you can get a fork, and never wipe your nose on the table cloth as long as you have a coat sleeve.

If you don't know how to turn a turker, lute no time to turn; the best way is to go behind a hog pen and prets before you show in public; but persevere; it's the only way you can learn.

If you have got to be 12 year old and can't swear good, the chances are that you won't ever amount to anything.

Learning to drink is a slow process, but a dreadful art; cider is pretty art to get the hang with, but rum cherry is artine.

Bi awl means at an early age get into the habit of stain out late at night. Don't miss a circus; this are means of grace. Call awl virtue nonsense, and suspect awl female girls. Watch your elder brother, and brag on his devilries.

When you enter a parlor, always enter at a door (if there is one), and take at the most comfortable seat. If you use turker (and of course you do), and are not an expert in the perlitte no accomplishment, or alus firing at the base of the coal grate, call for a spit dish, and bore the center every time.

Always lead in conversation, maintaining awl your pints with the nervous tenacity of a rat terror, never letting go your hold or the attention you have excited, unless it should be tew spit on your hands.

Avoid modesty as you would a mildew, and never blush, unless it is imagnitely after taking brandy and water.

When you are in lev (which will be every now and then) study poetry and pizen, talk injin, and go into a pail decline; then tew save yourself take a dose of kaster li and await the next attack with beaming compezur.

Never smoke an Amerikan cigar, I have known hundreds of promising young men ruined in this way. Swear a little in awl company, and take at least one Sporting newspaper.

Raze a mistake if you hav tu poletize your lip tew dew it. Cultivate your boots and talk hose. Despize awl employment and shudder when you meet a mekanik.

Know awl the intrigues and skandal of the town. Bet ten dollars on everything—call your father the old man, avoid every appearance of perillence to him, and lodge out occasionally.

Perfeck yourself in the above primary rules before you presume upon the acknowledged degree (tew much haste has blasted meny buds of promise), and be just to yourself. If, on inquiry you find you are not put down as a "plum," you may conclude that you have mistaken your genius and have no hopes in the ornaymental walks of life.

### Beautiful and True.

In a late article in *Fraser's Magazine*, this brief but beautiful and true passage occurs:

"Education does not commence with the alphabet—it begins with a mother's love; with a father's smile of approbation, or a sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle forbearance; with a handful of flowers in a green and dainty meadow; with a bird's nest admired, but not touched; with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible comets; with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words to nature; to acts of benevolence; to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good—God himself."

AN Irishman fell in love with a lady, but she, instead of reciprocating his affections, fell in love with another man and married him, which caused Pat to exclaim in the fullness of his heart: "Och, would that you had been born twice, so that I could have had half of you."

LITTLE Bobby at the breakfast table one morning, broke out in a new vein: "I don't want mother to marry again," said he. "Why not?" was asked with some surprise. "Because," said he, "I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another one."

Love thy neighbor as thyself;

### A Beautiful Sentiment.

SHORTLY after the departure of the lamented Heber for India, he preached a sermon which contained this beautiful illustration:

"Life bears us on the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the bindings of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers seem to offer themselves to the young hands; we are happy in hope; and grasp eagerly at the beauty around us, but the streams hurries on, and still our hands are empty.—Our course in youth and manhood is along a deeper and wider flood, among objects most striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures, and enjoyment and industry around us; we are excited at some short-loved disappointment. The stream hurries on, and our griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked but we cannot be delayed, whether rough or smooth; the river hastens on till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants until our future voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal."

### A Droll Postmaster.

In the days of Andrew Jackson, his Postmaster General, Amos Kendall, wanting to know whereabouts was the source of the Tombigbee river, wrote for the required information to the postmaster of a village on its course. "Sir," wrote the higher officer to the lower, "this department desires to know how far the Tombigbee river runs up. Respectfully, &c." The reply was brief and read thus: "Sir: The Tombigbee river doesn't run up all; it runs down. Very respectfully, &c." The Postmaster-General continued the correspondence in this style: "Sir: Your appointment as postmaster at— is revoked. You will turn over funds, papers, &c., pertaining to your office, to your successor. Respectfully, &c." The droll under-strapper closed the correspondence with this parting shot: "Sir: The revenues for this office for the quarter ending Sept. 30, have been 95 cents; its expenditures, same period, for tallow candles and twine was \$1.08. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance due me. Most respectfully."

IN walking always turn your toes out and your thoughts inward. The former will prevent you from falling into cellars, and the latter from falling into mekany.

A LADY in Massachusetts, while at church, put a pear in the box passed around for contributions, which, at the close of the service, was sold to the highest bidder for seventy dollars.

A GENTLEMAN in Michigan asked a squaw if her papoose, which was quite white, was not half-breed, whereupon she replied: "No, not a drop of white blood about it—half Iddian and half Missionary."

So common has become the shooting of ministers in Missouri, that it is now regarded as a branch of sporting. In Cooper county, the other day, a stranger in search of game was answered, "Not much, sir, but there's the preacher coming over the hill."

Nor long ago a melodeon was purchased and used in the Methodist church at College Corner, Ind. Some of the members were strongly opposed to its introduction, and so much ill feeling resulted that the young piano was finally carried out of the church one night by unknown parties and burned up. Recently another melodeon was procured and placed in the church, but it was also demolished.

SKATING EXTRAORDINARY.—As there are a great many young ladies and gentlemen in the city who flatter themselves that they are *par excellence* upon skates, we will state for their benefit that there is a young man named Ronalds, living up town, who can eclipse almost any body in skating, and, what is more remarkable, he does it on three skates, and has no legs. His legs were cut off by a train of cars in Ohio some time ago.—His body sits upon one skate, while he uses the others with his hands. He can be seen upon Beargrass Creek any day, when the ice is good, and if any one of our young "bloodes" think they can beat Mr. Ronalds, he will be very glad to give them a "little brush."—*Louisville Democrat.*